

THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL

ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 25TH, 1885.

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TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO.

RECEPTION OF THE YORK AND SIMCOE PROVISIONAL BATTALION AT BARRIE.

From a Photograph by A. T. Barrand.

The Grip Printing and Publishing Co. OF TORONTO.

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All letters on business subjects should be directed to the "Grip Printing and Publishing Company, Toronto."

TORONTO, JULY 25TH, 1885.

TO OUR PATRONS.

In presenting the current issue as a double number, we venture to claim credit for the successful performance of an enterprise altogether exceptional in illustrated journalism. With a view to the production of pictures that should accurately represent scenes in which the public take so great an interest, one of our own artists, Mr. J. D. Kelly, went to Winnipeg to obtain material, while the editor proceeded as far as Port Arthur on a similar mission.

The first of the sketches for the present number was only placed in the hands of the Toronto Lithographing Company on Wednesday, and those in respect of Winnipeg and the reception of Toronto corps on Thursday evening, but, by keeping their staff employed day and night, they have, by an effort for which they deserve infinite credit, enabled us to fulfil our somewhat ambitious undertaking.

If any dissatisfaction should be felt by our regular patrons, in consequence of delay attending the publication of this number, we trust that they will find compensation for such in the fact that it contains illustrations of current events, from genuine sketches taken of the scenes depicted.

As we have by no means exhausted the sketch-book of our representatives, and have other material of value on hand besides, we venture to promise an unusually good number for our next.

A HEARTY WELCOME.

It is no exaggeration to say that the returning troops have met with a hearty and spontaneous welcome along the entire route which they have had to traverse. The complimentary demonstrations have in no case been circumscribed by mean considerations of locality, origin, or creed. All minor differences have very properly been sunk, in consideration of the troops having been called into service on behalf of a common cause, which is dear to every good citizen—the preservation of law and order.

The value, in a national sense, of the placing together in the field, shoulder to shoulder, of militia corps raised in different provinces, has been shown in the development of a genuine camaraderie, that will surely be revived whenever, hereafter, the services of the troops may again be required. The attainment of this result, which may be regarded as a condition essential to the vigorous growth of a nation, is in some degree a compensation for the loss of time, blood, and money, which must be reckoned up in connection with the suppression of this rebellion.

Toronto has well done her part in the way of manifesting her appreciation of the militia who have rendered such good service; and that her hospitality has been extended to corps belonging to the Maritime Provinces and Quebec is much to the credit of the Queen City of the West. All, whose eyes are not blinded by political passion, will feel gratified to the Mayor and the Committee who have assisted him, for the success and eclat by which the proceedings have been uniformly characterized.

We have no sympathy with the cavillers, who have endeavored to cast contumely on the chief magistrate of the city for the prominent part he has taken in the proceedings of the past week. Whatever personal credit, or gratification of personal ambition, may accrue from the performance of functions properly appertaining to his office he has fairly earned. It should always be remembered that, had he failed to assume the responsibility which devolved upon him as the first citizen of Toronto, disparaging attacks would have been directed upon him from the very same quarter that has all along censured him, by implication, for the active part he and the aldermen have taken in arrangements which have been crowned with complete success.

The only objectionable feature in the procession on Thursday was the introduction of a dummy Gatling drawn by members of the Royal Grenadiers and preceded by Lieut. Howard in uniform, and mounted. How the officer commanding such a distinguished corps could, for a moment, have permitted his men to participate in a show which was obviously nothing else than a vulgar attempt to obtain a conspicuous free advertisement, we are at a loss to imagine. Abundant evidence is available to show that the Canadian public have been grossly imposed upon by alleged correspondents in the field as to the work accomplished by Howard and his Gatling; and there is every reason to believe that, though the former is undoubtedly brave and cool in action, his machine was an utter failure in so far as "making a bag" was concerned. Major Hughes, of the Midland Battalion, and other officers, who know whereof they speak, declare that the Gatling did not kill a single individual, for all the puffing Howard has contrived to get. Had he himself, alone, appeared in the procession he would have been well received. We begin to fear that the American newspapers have sized up this gentleman correctly.

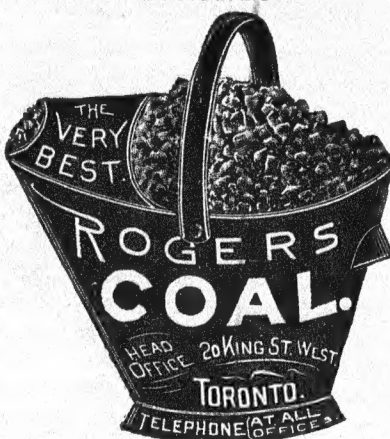
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RECEPTION IN TORONTO OF THE HALIFAX PROVINCIAL BATTALION.

The enthusiasm of the citizens of Toronto in the receptions of the returning volunteers is on the increase, and will be so until the grand culmination is reached, when our own boys are tendered a royal welcome. There are few who have not shouted themselves hoarse on one or two occasions in welcoming the returning heroes, who left comfortable homes to go to the North-West to quell the rebellion. The announcement that the Halifax Battalion would reach the Union Station on Monday night kept the city in a state of excitement for a time to give them a hearty welcome. Crowds thronged the Union Station until news was finally received that the battalion had gone on to Niagara Falls, and would not reach here till the following day. They were expected to arrive at one o'clock yesterday afternoon but were detained at Hamilton. Notwithstanding the number of times the hour of the arrival of the battalion had been put off, when the locomotive steamed along the Esplanade south of the Union Station a few minutes before three o'clock, the Halifax volunteers were given a magnificent ovation. The crowd was not so large as that which welcomed the returning regiments on Sunday, owing to the uncertainty of the arrival and the fact that it was during working hours, but it was fully as enthusiastic. Thousands were standing in front of the station, whilst all the windows and towers were crowded. The roofs of boat-houses and other buildings in the vicinity were black with human beings. The first glimpse caught of the locomotive at the head of the train was the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm. Cheer after cheer was given and renewed again and again. As the cars came into sight the volunteers expressed their appreciation of the magnificent reception. They took off their hats and cheered back quite as enthusiastically as the assembled multitude. The band of the Royal Grenadiers started playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," but for a time the music was drowned by the cheering. After the excitement had somewhat subsided the Mayor and the Reception Committee approached the train to invite the troops to dine at the Albion Hotel. Colonel Bremner, in command of the battalion, cordially accepted the invitation. He expressed his satisfaction at the hearty welcome that had been accorded the troops, and said that all along the line during their journey they had been royally received. The bugles sounded and the different companies fell into columns of fours to march to the hotel. The battalion was composed of six companies of the 66th and 63rd, and two companies of the Halifax Garrison Artillery. It numbered 349 men and 32 officers. In spite of their weather-beaten appearance it could be seen that the men were a fine sturdy lot. Bronzed faces, torn coats, patched pants, hats which were never intended for militia service, but which had been pressed into use to take the place of their departed predecessors, did not detract from the military bearing of the men. They withal looked soldierly, intelligent, and dashing.

When the volunteers stepped out of the train many of them were recognized by persons in the crowd who stepped forward, and after a hasty shake of the hand and a few words of congratulation, resumed their places. Every one seemed well pleased and in the best of humor. It was with difficulty that the crowd was pressed back and the companies fell in. After this had been accomplished, headed by the band of the Royal Grenadiers, they marched along York to King and along King to West Market Square. Hearty as had been the reception at the station much more enthusiasm was displayed along the route to the hotel. Crowds thronged the streets and formed almost an unbroken line to the St. Lawrence market. At every window on the street groups were standing awaiting the approaching troops, and as they passed, handkerchiefs and flags were waved, and with brief intermissions continued cheering was kept up till the market was reached. As soon as the cheering had subsided, some one would shout, "Three cheers for Halifax," or "Hurrah for the Halifax boys," and again the cheering would be renewed. At East Market Square they received another ovation previous to going in and partaking of the lunch provided by the Reception Committee.

Arrived at the Albion Hotel, the men were formed in companies and in a few minutes the first half of them were ushered into the spacious dining room, and the way in which the men attacked the viands must have been

exceedingly gratifying to the members of the Luncheon Committee and host Holderness. When the first relay had thoroughly appeased their appetites, the second half came forward and showed themselves to be fully equal to their comrades as trencher-men.

At the officers' table, when luncheon had been partaken of, Lieut.-Col. Bremner rose in his place and expressed for the officers and men of the regiment his thanks for the handsome manner in which the Corporation of Toronto had treated them. His men had come to the city as strangers, but they had been received as brothers. He thanked the Mayor and gentlemen of the committee again and again for their hospitality.

Mayor Manning, in responding, said they were only too happy to have an opportunity of extending the hospitality of the city to the soldiers from the sea. He was glad, as the representative of the citizens, to have the pleasure of welcoming men who had travelled 3,000 miles from their homes to quell the seditious men who had raised disturbances in the North-West.

The men were formed in companies again and marched to the foot of East Market Street, where the cars were waiting to receive them. The moving off of the men caused the crowds to burst anew into cheers, which were kept up with undiminished vigor until the big locomotives with colossal snorts began to draw the long line of coaches away. As the speed increased the mass of people broke into a run and followed in the wake of the vanishing train, the platform of the last car of which resembled a bee-hive door in swarming time. In a brief moment, however, the last red coat and bottle-green jacket disappeared round the curve at the Northern Station.

The Halifax Volunteers were called out for active service on March 21st, and left for the North-West on April 11th. They arrived at Winnipeg eleven days after. They stayed at that place a short time, and went on to Swift Current, where they encamped near the 7th Fusiliers, while the latter were at that point. A portion of the battalion were subsequently sent to Moose Jaw, some to Medicine Hat, and the balance to Saskatchewan Landing. Although they did not take part in any fighting, they did what was required of them in a satisfactory manner, and no doubt, had they been needed to do more, they would have acquitted themselves creditably. The battalion started out with 386 men and officers. Two of the men died, and eight are on the sick list. They were ordered home last week, and left Winnipeg on Thursday at midnight. On Monday they visited Niagara Falls and viewed the great cataract. Many of them were never in this part of the country before, and all are highly pleased with their visit.—*The Mail.*

THE RETURN OF THE REGIMENT.

The bells boom out to the cloudy sky,
The deep drums beat tumultuously,
The martial music's crash and cry
Make all the city dumb!

There are tender eyes at every pane,
And, spite of wind and sifting rain,
From square and alley, street and lane,
The eager people come.

What do they come to seek and see?
Why do they gaze so earnestly?
What may the strange attraction be?
A handful of haggard men!

Mute and strange are their faces all,
Nothing less than a battle call,
With boom of cannon and shriek of ball,
Could shake their even breath.

Written in every line and curve
Are tales of courage and iron nerve—
Of fire tried hearts that never swerve
From danger or from death.

Haggard with toil, fatigue and pain,
Soiled and smoky with battle stain,
Back they come to their homes again,
Changed as by many years.

But leaning out from the gazing bands,
Many a woman silent stands,
Who longs to grasp their hard brown hands;
And wash them white with tears.

Their banner wide in the wind unrolls,
Tattered and ragged with bullet holes,
Think of the strong, heroic souls
Who hailed it as their pride;

And with their faint and anguished eyes,
Lifted in deathful agonies
Saw it between them and the skies,
Blessed it, and blessing died.

Many a cheek at the memory pales;
The jubilant music faints and fails,
Dying in low and mournful wails,
For those whose graves are green.

The crowd grown still with a conscious dread,
So still that you almost hear the tread,
The ghostly tread of the gallant dead
Who walk in their ranks unseen.

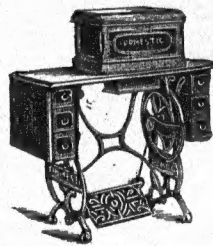
Uncover your head and hold your breath,
This boon not every lifetime hath,
To look on men who have walked with death,
And have not been afraid.

—*Buffalo Com. Advertiser.*

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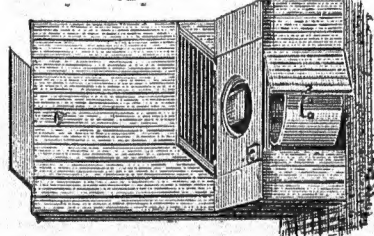
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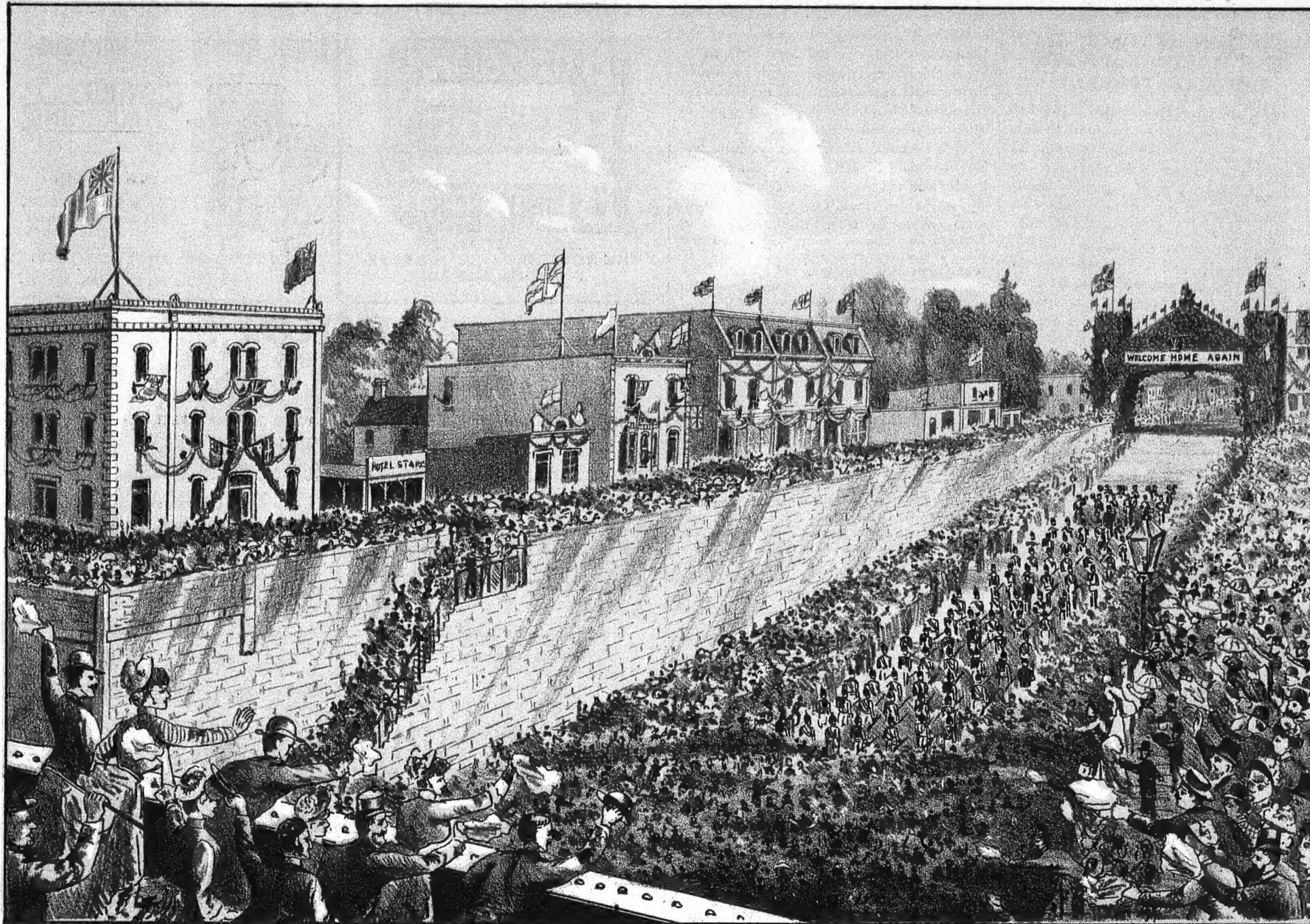
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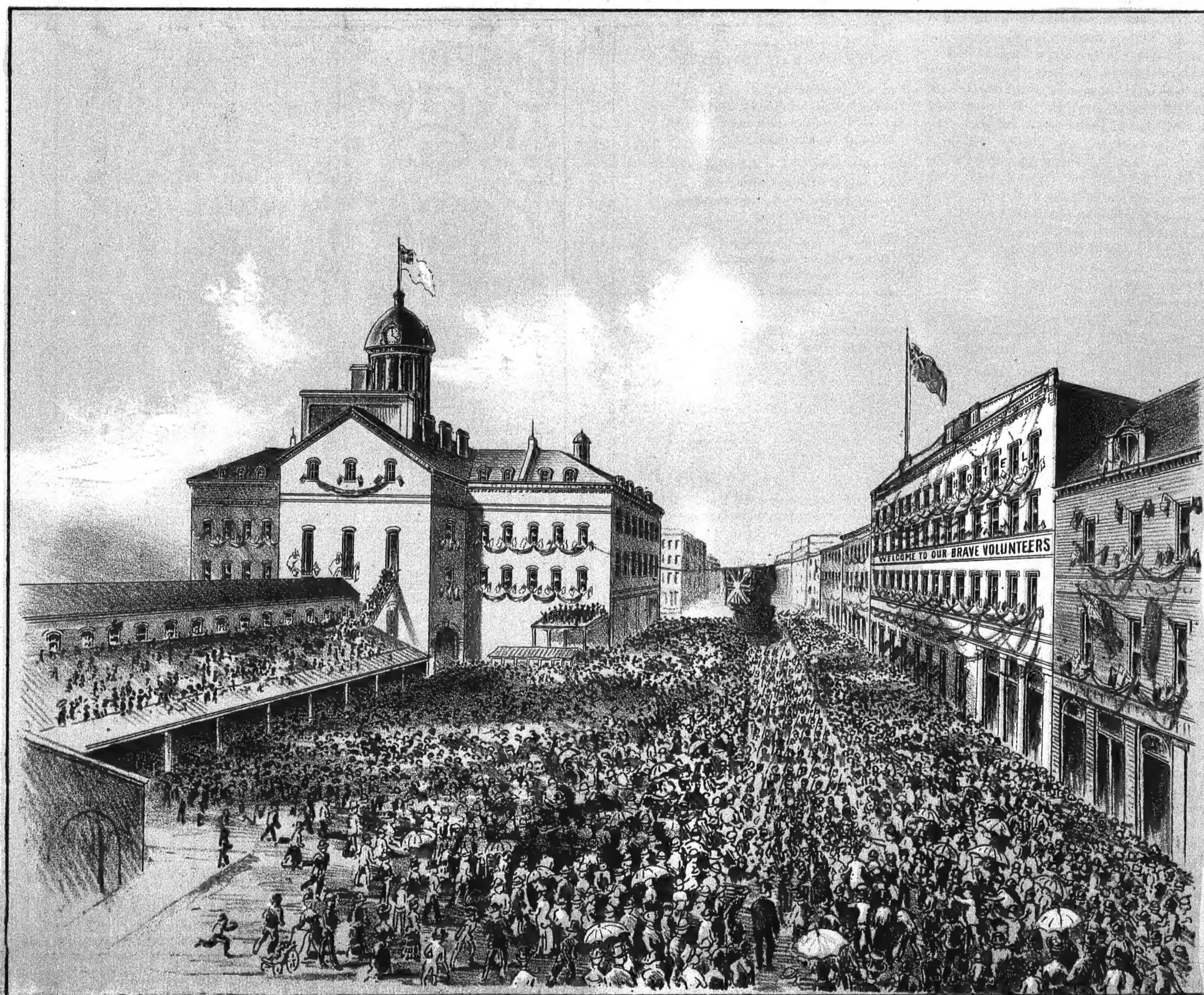
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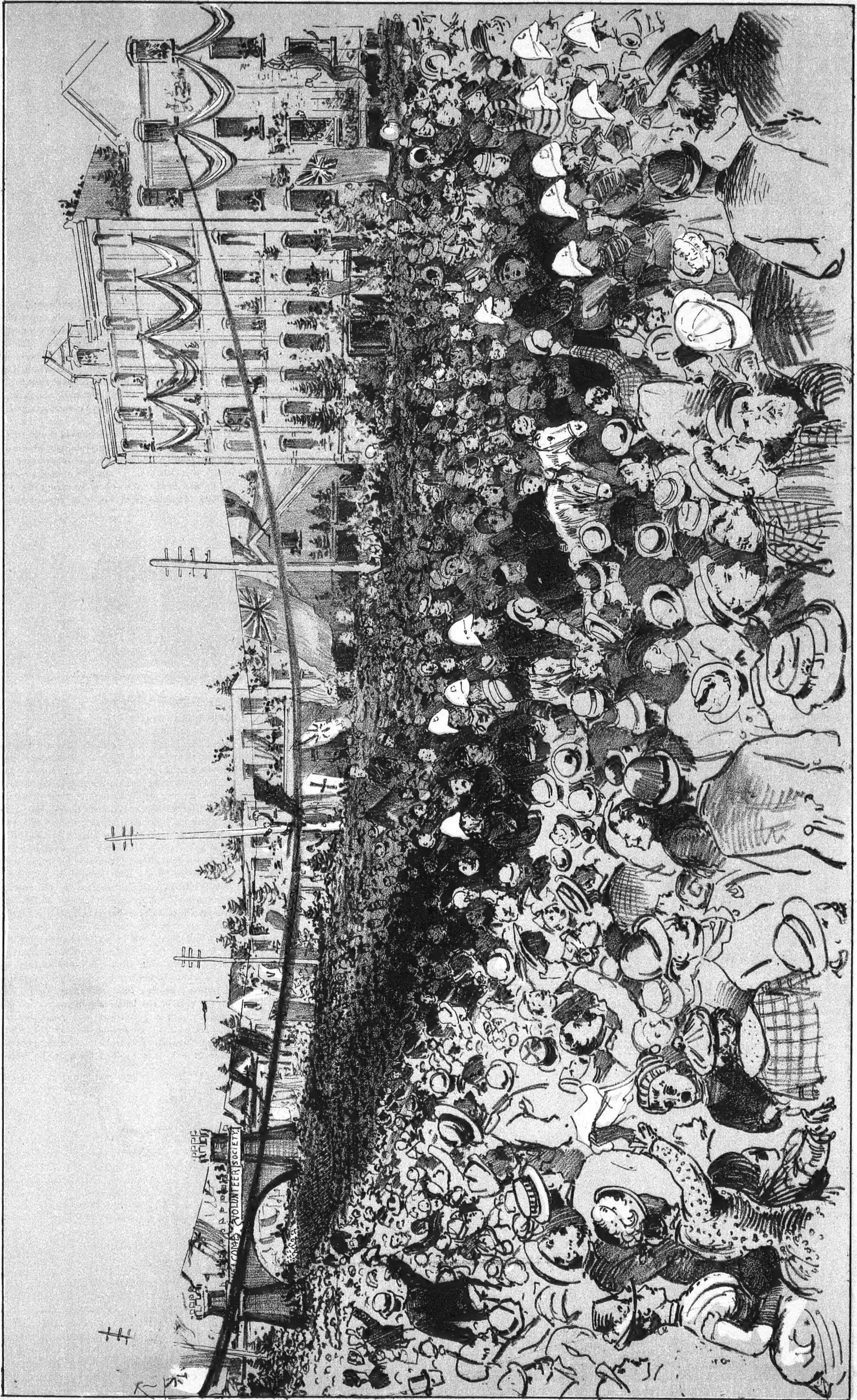
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RECEPTION OF THE 12TH BATT., YORK RANGERS, AT PARKDALE.
From a Sketch by one of our own Artists.



THE MARCH OF THE HALIFAX PROVISIONAL BATTALION TO LUNCH AT THE ALBION HOTEL, TORONTO.
From a Sketch by one of our own Artists.



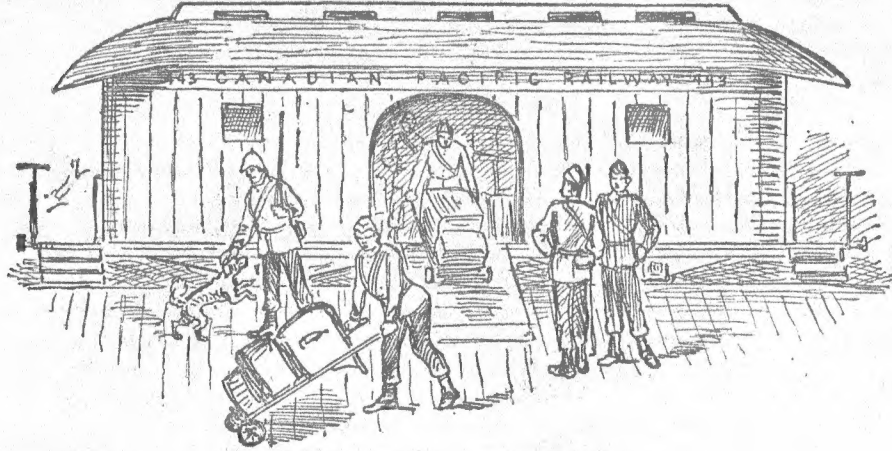
RECEPTION TO GENERAL MIDDLETON AND TROOPS AT WINNIPEG, THURSDAY, JULY 16th
SCENE ON MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, J. D. Kelly.

HOW THE TROOPS JOURNEYED FROM PORT ARTHUR TO TORONTO.

(From personal observations of *ye Editor*, illustrated by Mr. J. W. Bengough.)

A PRACTICAL philosopher once remarked that "life is not all beer and skittles," and all who have seen the stained uniforms and bronzed faces of the veteran militiamen who have now arrived at their homes will be disposed to agree that soldiering embraces something else than the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." Rough and ready were the men of the Midland Battalion and Quebec Voltigeurs who embarked on the C. P. R. steamship *Alberta*, with a comfortable conviction that now, at any rate, the hardships of the campaign were over. The scene upon the wharf was animated. The amount of baggage was considerable. It seemed to include everything from a war club to a husky dog, and bags, bales, and boxes represented property, the nature of which could only be guessed at. However, "many hands



TRANSFERRING THE BAGGAGE.

make light work," and a very brief time served to enable the contents of the cars to be transferred to the hold of the vessel. During the progress of the embarkation, in one place might be seen a stalwart wounded corporal, whose tunic shows the marks of perforation by seven rifle balls, talking (politics, of course) to two of the prettiest girls that could be seen in a day's march. In another, a few paces off, a keen observer would note a certain artillery



A WRITING-DESK.

subaltern of Ottawa, whose desire to see active service impelled him to get attached to the Midlands, when he found his own corps condemned to rest at home in inglorious ease, making a back upon which a comrade could write a despatch to the "Girl I left behind me," (political again, of course,) that would not brook delay. Before long the inevitable "last man" had crossed the gang plank, after making complete his tender adieux to a very charming vision of female loveliness. No sooner had the good ship moved off from the wharf to the music of the cheers of the assembled population of Port Arthur and the strains of the excellent band of the steamer *United Empire*, whose captain's beaming face shone with enthusiastic lustre, than all began to make themselves comfortable. It took some little time to get settled down on board the vessel, for, notwithstanding her great capacity, the scene on the main deck was eminently suggestive of the familiar comparison with sardines in a box. The Midland boys occupied the forward part of the vessel, and the Voltigeurs the portion abaft the engine. A regular guard was mounted by each corps, though, happily, their services were not required for the maintenance of order. During the first day out, a prisoner who had evidently imbibed "not wisely, but too well," and whose obstreperous



GOOD-BYE SWEETHEART.



"IN DURANCE VILE."

erous behavior caused restraint to be necessary, sat handcuffed on the forecandle, under the



CAPT. LE VASSEUR TELLS OF THE SCALPS HE HAS TAKEN.

eye of a vigilant sentry. Throughout the remainder of the trip, nothing came under the

notice of the passengers to suggest the need of military discipline. The conduct of the troops was excellent, and the fraternization of the Midlanders with the Quebeckers a pleasant feature. In the saloon, it took but a short time to make the officers of the two corps acquainted with each other, and the best of feeling soon prevailed.



THE INDIAN WAR DANCE.

The officers of the Voltigeurs were mostly young men of martial physique and all of them were gentlemen of education and refinement. They had improved their opportunities of studying the ways of the noble red man, while doing garrison duty in the country of the Blackfeet and so became adepts in the performance of the Indian war dance. The ladies on board the *Alberta* never tired of this diversion, and constantly requested its repetition. It was an inspiring sight to witness the officers of the gallant 9th squat themselves in a circle on the poop deck, and, after gravely passing the pipe of peace around, rise one after the other to relate the wonderful feats they had performed in the way of horse-stealing and lifting scalps. Then it was grand to see the entire group rise to their feet and move round in exact imitation of the peculiar step of the so-called dance of the Indian braves.

Nor were the accomplishments of the gallant 9th confined to mimicry of the practices of the poor Indian; all of them were capital vocalists, and many instrumental performers of by no means inferior merit. They kept the pot boiling with some fun or other every evening, and made themselves particularly agreeable to the ladies. If any one wanted an accompaniment played, they were always ready to oblige, and that was how we came to have "Rule Britannia" given, with full musical effect and splendid chorus, by a Sergeant-Major from



"RULE BRITANNIA."

Toronto, an ex-guardsmen, who was wounded at Cut Knife Creek, after serving Her Majesty twenty years without a scratch. The most wonderful thing about this trip was how the steward managed to give a good square meal to every one of the 1,100 passengers three times each day. All of the soldiers took their meals in the saloon, though only the officers and the wounded—irrespective of the rank of the latter—were accommodated with staterooms. The truth is, these C. P. R. boats are in themselves models of strength and security, while their domestic economy is such as to ensure every comfort and convenience to passengers.

The steady progress at fourteen miles an hour soon brought us to Sault Ste. Marie, where no obstruction was offered by the U.S. authorities to the vessel conveying troops through the locks. On Owen Sound being reached the pretty little town was seen to be gay with bunting, and a most artistic triumphal arch had been erected on the wharf. Here the firemen kept an open space for the landing of the troops, who were successively marched off to partake of a nice repast provided by the ladies. Afterwards, upon the wharf might be seen pretty girls begging specimens of hard tack from the volunteers, when an exchange of autographs would take place—he writing his upon the biscuit, she writing hers inside his helmet. It is hard to say whether this preliminary exchange of name on the part of the ladies may in any particular case be productive of a permanent one hereafter, but such chances are not altogether beyond the possibilities. The enthusiasm of everybody seemed unbounded, and one colored gentleman manifested his goodwill by passing down the train and bestowing his



RECIPROCITY.



"BRESS YE, BRAVE BRUDDERS."

fervent blessing upon the boys occupying the cars. He was greeted with hearty cheers,

invited to take a drink, and otherwise good-naturedly chaffed by his white brothers. The Midland Battalion's train was the first to start, and it left with the hearty cheers of the Quebecers, who ran along by the cars and warmly shook the outstretched hands of their fellow-soldiers. The good feeling thus manifested was spontaneous and thoroughly reciprocal.

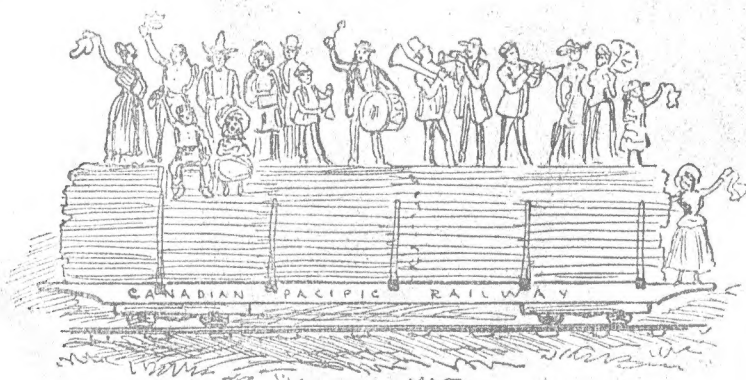


AN S. A. RECRUIT.

It is impossible to properly estimate the importance to the national future of Canada of thus bringing together, from different provinces, representative bodies of the robust manhood of the country. The cordial goodwill manifested augurs well for the permanence of the Dominion. Mention should not be omitted of the fact that among the foremost on the wharf to greet the troops when the Alberta steamed up to it, was a detachment of the Salvation Army, who had turned out in force. The female members of this organization, it was pleasant to see, were by no means frugal of their pleasant greetings to the boys, and if they failed in the first attack to actually capture some recruits, it must at any rate be admitted that they were fairly successful at captivation.

The Midlanders, as mentioned, had the first start from Owen Sound, but the untimely break down of their engine caused that which was to have taken the Quebecers forward to be substituted. This entailed a delay of some six hours for the latter, during which they had

abundant opportunity to improve their acquaintance with the residents of Owen Sound, though not much chance to extend their knowledge of the place, as it was necessary to remain within hearing of the bugle, as no one could tell when the "assemble" might be ordered to sound. Eventually, the start was made, and about four p.m. the train moved out. Notwithstanding the delay which had taken place, at every point along the line where a few houses existed, groups of villagers might be seen patiently awaiting the arrival of the train, the passing of which was greeted with the waving of handkerchiefs and other manifestations of welcome. In some of the larger places, some attempts had been made at decoration—notably at Orangeville, where a handsome arch of evergreens, embellished with suitable mottoes, stretched across the track. No stoppages took place, however, to enable demonstrations to be made, but at the one or two points where the train paused to take water, the ladies were on hand with flowers and bouquets to bestow upon the returning soldiers.



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

At Markdale, the local brass band turned out, and discoursed sweet music from a flat car loaded with lumber. Here the enthusiasm was particularly marked, the people being particularly anxious to show their goodwill. The people else where sat upon the fences along the line of the railway, or occupied the roofs of adjacent out-buildings, and by waving flags and handkerchiefs proved that they were desirous of doing honor to those who had devoted their time and undergone so much fatigue and privation for the maintenance of law and order in Canada. In cases where the individual was of disposition too phlegmatic to indulge in exuberant manifestations of joy, he would at any rate benignly smile his approval of the services rendered on behalf of Queen and country.

The train covered the distance to West Toronto Junction in little over four hours, and the refreshment rooms here furnished an excellent hot supper to the entire battalion, seated in two successive detachments. At the upper end of the spacious apartment a portion had been curtained off and carpeted, and here the ladies of the village were in attendance to sing patriotic airs during the progress of the repast, Mrs. Thompson, wife of the local clergyman, furnishing an accompaniment on the piano. The hospitality and kindness of all towards the returning troops were manifested in many ways. As an instance, it is well to mention that before the train left the platform every man in the battalion was provided with a cigar by the generosity of Mr. E. C. Burgess, proprietor of the dining hall.



A SMILE.

GENERAL MIDDLETON INTERVIEWED.

To a reporter of the *Winnipeg Manitoba* General Middleton said as follows:—"You will see my position was no enviable one, for I had always to bear in mind that they were volunteers, and not regular troops, and therefore had to be very careful not to expose them unnecessarily. However, when I saw the manner in which they bore fatigue and hardships during the march from Qu'Appelle to Clark's Crossing, I felt reassured, and their admirable conduct at Fisk Creek completely satisfied me that the men had the right stuff in them. I cannot speak too highly of their behavior throughout the whole campaign, and as I stated in the general orders issued at Fort Pitt prior to our departure for home, their ready cheerfulness under hardship, their bravery and soldierly qualities, have made me feel that it was an honor to command such men."

"Do you think, General, it would have been possible to clean the rebels out of the ravine at Fisk Creek?"

"Yes, certainly I do; but, as I said at the time to several officers who asked me to allow them to charge with their men, I did not think the result of such a charge would have compensated for the loss of life which we would have incurred."

"It has been said a mistake was made by not charging down into Batoche on the 9th of May, the first day of your arrival there. What do you think about it?"

"It would not have done at all to charge down into Batoche the first day. The troops needed three days' experience to fit them for the final struggle on the 12th."

"Who gave the order to charge on the 12th?"

"Now, there is another thing in which I have been grossly misrepresented in the papers, for which reason I cannot say. On the morning of the 12th, I ordered that Colonel Straubenetz should lead the infantry into Batoche on the centre and left of our position, whilst I with the artillery drew their attention on the right. For this purpose, I went out early in the morning, taking the guns with me. I was considerably surprised, however, to find after we had fired the guns for some time, that the infantry were not moving, and accordingly came back to see what was the matter, and can you be surprised that I felt angry, and used some strong expressions, when I found they had not advanced at all? I went on foot to Col. Straubenetz and told him that I must take the rifle pits that day, and went out some distance ahead of the line, risking my own life to give confidence to the troops. The order to charge was then given, and I returned to the corral for my horse. Never at any time during that day did I call out to the men, 'For God's sake, cease firing,' as I hear I have been reported

to have done, and whoever says I did must have considerable inventive power. All the men did well on that day. I am proud of them."

"Could you tell me anything about the general conduct of the campaign?"

"Well, that is rather a difficult question to answer, as it covers rather a wide field. I may say I have had difficulties and discouragements to meet and overcome at every step. I have been vilified and misrepresented by many of those with whom I have been brought in contact, chief amongst whom have been the general body of the press correspondents, who, in spite of the generous treatment I accorded them, have done scarcely anything else than blacken my character. According to their ideas I never had any plans, never knew what to do, nor how to do anything. And what was the reason for all this? Simply because, when they came to me and asked for information respecting my plans and future proceedings, I refused to give it them, partly from motives of caution, and partly from the fact that it was absolutely impossible to tell what was likely to happen in the course of such a campaign. Besides, I did not consider it was consistent with my position to give away information which was necessarily of a private nature."

"I consider that after the generous treatment accorded the correspondents they behaved in an unjust and ungenerous manner, and if my reputation as a soldier depended upon their criticisms they would have inflicted an irreparable injury upon me. As it is, I can say with justifiable pride that my reputation is above such attacks as these. I deeply regret that one or two of my officers joined with my traducers in these attacks upon my ability as a commander, and I have heard the most galling remarks made by people in my camp without taking any notice of them. When marching from Gabriel Dumont's crossing to Batoche I made a considerable detour, as you are aware, to enable me to attack the rebel position at a point which, according to the plan of Batoche I had in my possession, was the most advantageous for an attack. As I did not tell every Tom, Dick, and Harry my plans, such remarks as 'The General is lost,' 'He doesn't know what he is doing,' and the like were heard on all sides. Such a state of things would not be allowed in the regular army, but as it was a volunteer force I had to make allowances, although at times I must say it was very trying. If they had only formed a just estimate of the difficulties I had to contend with, such remarks would never have been made. I consider the people of Canada owe me a debt of gratitude, and I am happy to say, that since my arrival in the city of Winnipeg, it has been gracefully and amply acknowledged, notwithstanding the continual cavilling of my traducers."

CANADA'S WELCOME.

Peal out, ye bells, loud beats the rolling drum!
With victory crown'd from war's red plain they come.

Canada, rise! and honor pay, for brave deeds done
In thy dear name, to every warrior son.

"Are these my sons," she asks, "I greet to-day?
Where are the boys I sadly sent away?"

"These are all men, sun-bronzed, and battle-worn.
Are these the lads for whom my heart was torn?"

Yes, these are they! death faced with courage stern
Makes lion-hearted boys brave men return!

Take then thy sons home to thy mother heart,
For well and nobly have they played their part.

But in thy joy and pride forget not those
Who guarded thee at home from all thy foes.

'Twas not their fault they share not others' fame,
They too would dare and die to uphold thy name!

So clasp them all to thy breast and say,
"Thank God for sons and country safe to-day!"

—E. C. P.

CHARGE AT BATOCHE.

DESCRIPTIVE SONG.*

By J. W. Bengough.

Who says that British blood grows tame,
Or that the olden fire is gone,
That swept the fields of deathless fame,
When heroes led our soldiers on?
Let tyrant Czars, grown great on wrong,
Believe that fable if they will;
While I rehearse, in martial song,
A story of Canadian skill,
And Canada is British still.

In duty's name, we lay before the pits
All day like targets for the rebels' lead,
Wasting our bullets on the sullen hill,
In whose grim side the enemy was hid.
In duty's name, we choked our anger down,
And clenched our rifles in impatient grasp;
Blazing at random, just in duty's name,
While comrades round us gave their dying gasp.

Out rang the signal shrill,
Each soldier's heart to thrill,
Along the line the glorious signal—
Charge! charge!! charge!!!

Up sprang the Midland and the 90th then!
Up flashed the scarlet of each Royal Gren.
Forth thundered Boulton's scouts and French's men!
On dashed brave Howard's gatling in the van!
'Twas charge! charge!! charge!!!

With rousing British cheers
The loyal volunteers
Swept grandly on.
Blanched at the whirlwind dread,
The shattered rebels fled—
Batoche was won!
That's how Batoche was won!

Won! but, ah! dearly won those steep,
For on the field in manhood's pride
Lay heroes whom our country weeps:
'Twas for Canada they died,
For Canada—fair Canada—
Our gallant heroes fought and died.

Who says that British blood grows tame,
Or that the olden fire is gone,
Must first forget Batoche's name,
Our Volunteers and Middleton.

* Set to music by Barton Browne; published by the Toronto Lithographing Company.



From sketches by our own artists.

RECEPTION GIVEN THE GOV.-GENERAL'S BODY GUARD, QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES & ROYAL GRENADIERS, AT TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 23rd.

1. Arrival at North Toronto Station—Presentation of address by Mayor Manning. 2. Arch at Leader Lane, on King Street. 3. Scene at the City Hall. 4. Arch at corner of Yonge and McGill Streets. 5. Arch at corner of King and Yonge Streets. 6. Arch at the corner of Queen and Brock Streets. 7. Arch on Yonge Street, near Wellesley. 8. Arch near Town Hall, North Toronto.

TORONTO LITHOGRAPHING CO.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

"When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!"

HAVING followed the fortunes of the gallant volunteer militia since they set out for the North-West to put down the second rebellion raised by that rascal Riel, it is now our pleasant task to record the safe arrival at their respective headquarters, of the various battalions and corps which have comprised the North-West Field Force.

Fairly disgusted with their prolonged stay at Fort Pitt, which all accounts agree in condemning as an infinitely unsuitable site for a large camp, the order to embark for home was cordially welcomed. This was promulgated on the 2nd of July, and the following extract will meet with general appreciation:—

"In thus completing the breaking up of the North-West Field Force, which has been under the immediate command of Major-General Middleton during the late campaign, he cannot let the officers and men comprising it separate, without expressing his great satisfaction with them. During the whole time he has not had to assemble a court-martial, and, in fact, there has been a total absence of crime. They have had real hardships to undergo; real difficulties to overcome, but have met them like men, with ready cheerfulness and without complaint. They, as untrained volunteer soldiers, have had to move in a country where an extraordinary scare existed, and against an enemy whom it was publicly declared they would be unable to cope with unless with great superiority of numbers. The first they disproved, as shown by the fact that during the whole three months not more than two or three false alarms in camp took place, and the second they disproved by beating their enemy, superior to them in numbers. Each regiment, each corps, each arm of the service, has vied one against the other, and each has equally well done the duty assigned to it, not forgetting the transport service, under its able officer, which has so well aided us in our movements, the medical department, which has been so well directed, and the chaplains, who have so cheerfully and well ministered to our spiritual comforts. The Major-General, in taking farewell of his old comrades, begs to wish them all happiness and success in their several walks of life, and to sincerely thank them, one and all, for having by their gallantry, good conduct, and hard work enabled him to carry to a successful conclusion what will probably be his last campaign."

The cavalry, having set out for Battleford by trail, on the evening of July 3rd the dismounted portion of the force had been disposed of as follows:—The Marquis, the largest of the three steamboats, took the general and his staff, together with the 10th Royal Grenadiers and the 90th Batt. Rifles; the North-West accommodated the Midland Battalion and one company of the Winnipeg Light Infantry; while the Baroness was occupied by the "alligators," as the 65th (Mount Royal Rifles) are now called. The following morning (July 4th) the flotilla set out on its voyage down stream. The death of Lieut.-Col. Williams, M.P., who commanded the Midland, occurred at 9.30 a.m., on this day, after a short illness which had only covered three days. On arrival at Battleford on the 5th, the first thing done was to escort the remains of this distinguished officer to the fort, a ceremony which was performed with due military honors. From the fort the corpse was forwarded by wagon to Swift Current station on the C.P.R., and thence by rail to Port Hope. The death, on board the Baroness, of Sergeant Valiquette of the 65th, occurred three minutes earlier than that of Col. Williams.

The three steamers, the Queen's Own having been also embarked, left Battleford on the following morning (the 6th) and proceeded, with an abundant experience of bad weather, to Prince Albert, which was reached on the 8th inst., the band of the 90th announcing the fact that "Johnny was marching home again." Here the troops had an opportunity of seeing without trouble the man who had proved such an *ignis fativus* to them on their recent expedition to the Beaver river. A *Globe* correspondent writes:—

"The capture of Big Bear and the councilors who shared the personal fortunes of the flying monarch was a very tame affair: Sergeant Smart and eleven mounted policemen, who were on duty at the Carlton ferry, were informed by Mr. Garson, who had been in charge of the Hudson Bay Company's stores at Carlton before the destruction, and for several weeks had been camped on the north side of the river, that Big Bear had come to his (Garson's) camp, and was then on an island near the ferry. Sergeant Smart and his men easily effected a passage thither, and the chief, with eleven of his men, was at once disarmed and made prisoners. They did not offer the slightest resistance, and were badly frightened. The Bear is a black Indian, with an enormous head, his face being as long as a flour barrel and about as expressive. He was dressed in a dirty

blanket, dirtier leggings, clean iron shackles, and polished steel handcuffs. His glances were furtive, his mien humble to servility, and the picture he presented as far as possible removed from that of his fellow-chief, Poundmaker, when in similar circumstances. With William McKay, of Battleford, as interpreter, Gen. Middleton had an interview with the prisoner. Middleton appears to much advantage in talks of this sort. He doesn't shake hands with the criminal, nor encourage him to deliver a meaningless rhodomontade. He asked him his name, and then why he had stayed on the warpath so long. To this the Big Bear replied that he did not know the whites wanted to make peace. Asked why he kept the McLains and other prisoners so long, Big Bear replied that they were not prisoners, but had joined his people of their own will, and he had saved their lives."

The Alberta had previously arrived at Prince Albert, where Col. Montizambert, of "B" Battery, is now in command, with Dr. Bell and the wounded, accompanied by the staff of male and female dressers and nurses. The journey being resumed, Grand Rapids, at the mouth of the Saskatchewan, were reached on the 10th July. The troops lost no time in removing their outfit from the boat to the tram-cars, by which the portage had to be surmounted, and by evening almost everything was transferred to the lake landing below the rapids. The tramway is three miles and a quarter in length, and was built by the Hudson Bay Company seven years ago. The trams are about as large as the railway hand cars, and one horse can pull two or three tons quite easily. At either end of the line the company have storehouses. Telephone communication has also been established between the two points.

All the troops, including the wounded, having arrived by the morning of the 13th, embarkation took place on the lake steamers Princess and Colville and three barges. By 11 o'clock everything was in readiness for a start across Lake Winnipeg, and the boats steamed down the river amid loud cheering. The Princess led with a barge in tow, from which was run a line connecting the Colville and two other barges. After a few minutes run the mouth of the river was reached, and Lake Winnipeg appeared in all its vastness. As far as the eye could reach, nothing but the broad unruffled waters could be seen. The fleet, however, had only nicely got out into the lake when a sea got up, and the boats commenced to roll. That night a heavy storm came up. Despite this fact the trip was an enjoyable one, there being very little sea-sickness among the soldiers. Lake Winnipeg is dotted with numerous islands which form admirable guides for sea-faring men. The distance from Grand Rapids to the mouth of the Red River is about 300 miles, and the trip was made in less than twenty-four hours.

Selkirk was reached on the 14th, and here the troops were met by the first complimentary greetings, in acknowledgment of the services they had rendered to their country, at the hands of the local municipal authorities. A special train from Winnipeg soon arrived, bringing the Lieut.-Governor and a numerous party, including Mrs. Middleton, and it returned about noon with the General and his staff. During the afternoon the 65th and Midland Battalions were ferried across the river, and took trains for their eastern homes. The Queen's Own, Royal Grenadiers, 90th Battalion and Foot Guards were conveyed by train to Winnipeg that same evening. Naturally there was the greatest enthusiasm exhibited as the troops marched down Main Street, which had been elaborately decorated. At the city hall an address was presented by the pro-mayor, Ald. Carruthers, to which Gen. Middleton made a suitable reply. After speeches by the Lieut.-Governor and others, the troops were marched away to the sites of their respective camping grounds.

THE MIDLAND BATTALION

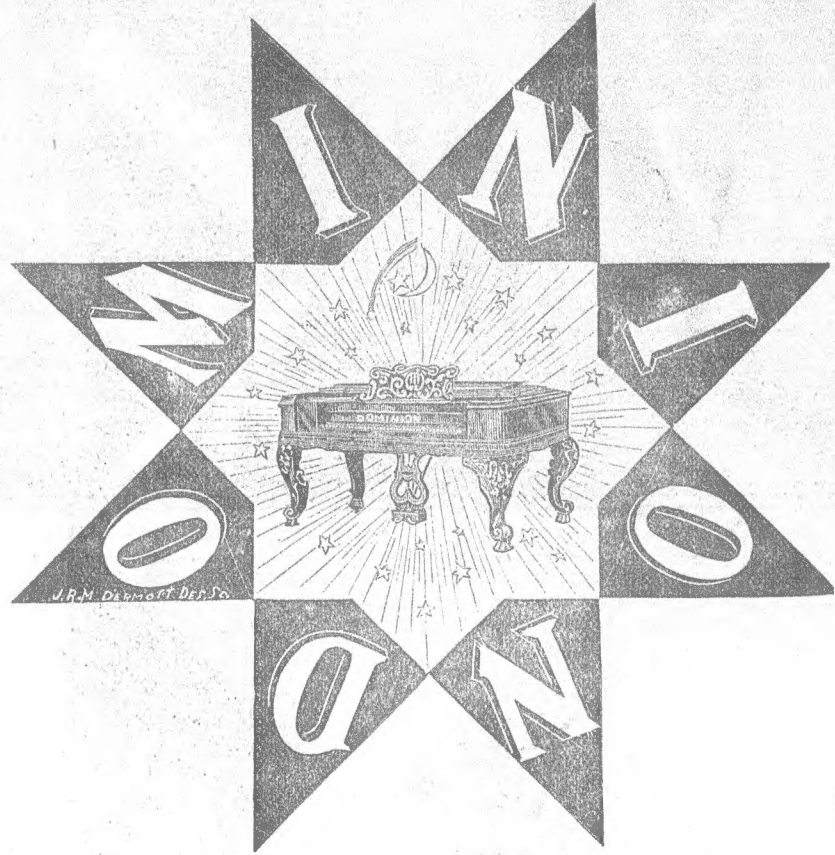
were received with much enthusiasm both at Port Arthur and Owen Sound, at which latter they landed on Sunday from the steamer Alberta. All along the route to Toronto the population of the towns and villages, as well as the denizens of the farm houses, turned out to greet them. The following account of the reception in Toronto, of which we furnish an illustration, is condensed from the report in the *Mail*. In its main feature it is typical of the manner in which each different corps was welcomed:

The Union station and its approaches were blocked by a vast concourse of people as early in the afternoon as two o'clock, it having been announced that the battalion would arrive in the city about that time. After an hour's patient waiting the people were informed that the volunteers would not arrive till half-past five o'clock. So strong, however was the desire to welcome the gallant

PIANOS. "DOMINION" ORGANS.

GRAND,
SQUARE,
UPRIGHT.

CABINET, COMBINATION,
CHAPEL, CHANCEL,
and VILLA GEM.



A BEETHOVEN SONATA, A BACH CHROMATIC PHANTASIE, can only be fully appreciated when rendered on a DOMINION PIANO.

PEABODY INSTITUTE, CONSERVATORY, OF MUSIC,

BALTIMORE, U. S., October 20th, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—The Dominion Piano, three of which I used in my studies last summer during my stay in Nova Scotia, gave me great pleasure. It was a very agreeable instrument with a clear fine tone, and an honest touch, in EVERY WAY UP TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Yours very truly,

ASGER HAMERICK,

Principal, Peabody Institute.

JOSEPH RUSE, No. 68 King Street West,
TORONTO.

HATTERS
TONKIN BROS.
FURRIERS
110 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL
AND
ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE
Grip Printing & Pub. Co., Toronto.

Price, 10 Cents per Copy.

It contains Graphic Illustrations of Experiences of the Volunteers and events transpiring at the Front in connection with the North-Western Rebellion; portraits of principal Officers, and illustrations of places of interest in the North-West. The paper consists of twelve pages 12 x 18 inches, printed and lithographed in tints, on good paper.

No. 12 published on 20th June contained the following illustrations:

Rescue of Mrs. Gowanlock and Mrs. Delaney by a party of Scouts; the Cowboy Brigade, from Photographs and sketches furnished by J. D. Higginbotham & Co., Fort McLeod; Portraits of Interest; Applications of the First Bandage on the Battlefield—No. 2—two original sketches by Mr. F. Humme. Also a fine two-page Supplement, showing "Sketches from the Front," drawn on Gabriel Dumont's paper bags, by Mr. F. W. Curzon, Special Artist of THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL, with Gen. Middleton's command; and a "View of Battleford as seen from Fort Otter," from a sketch by Lieut. R. Lyndhurst, Wardmore, of C Company, Infantry School Corps, Toronto.

No. 13, published on 27th June, contained the following illustrations:

On the Line of March (illustrating the noble Red Man's idea of a fair division of labor); Sketches from Battleford and Vicinity, furnished by Mr. W. D. Smith; the Hospitals at Saskatoon, from a sketch by Edmund E. King, M.D., Asst. Surgeon, Field Hospital Corps, Battleford; Portraits of Interest; Camp of the Prince of Wales' Regiment at the Exhibition Grounds, from a sketch by Mr. F. N. Boxer; the Bridge that the Queen's Own Rifles built over the Battle River, from a sketch by Corporal Davis, Governor-General's Foot Guards. Also a fine two-page Supplement, being a Map showing position of Troops at the Battle of Batoche, by two members of the Surveyors' Intelligence Corps; and Edward Haulan's Narrow Escape from Drowning, in Toronto Bay, June 18th, 1885, from sketches by our Special Artist, based on personal information.

No. 14, published on July 4th, contained the following illustrations:

Camp of Half-breed Refugees at Fort Pitt, from a sketch by Mr. F. W. Curzon, Special Artist of THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL, with Gen. Middleton's Command; Portraits of Interest; White Caps Band and their Captors, from a photograph by Sergt. A. C. Barraud, No. 1 Company, 35th

Battalion (Simcoe Forresters); the 55th Battalion (Simcoe Forresters) in Camp at Qu'Appelle, from a photograph by Sergt. A. C. Barraud, No. 1 Company; Roughing it at the Front, from sketches by Mr. F. W. Curzon, Special Artist of THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL, with Gen. Middleton's Command; Louis Riel taking his daily Constitutional at Regina. Also a fine two-page supplement, showing Gen. Middleton's Expedition by River to Fort Pitt; also Battalion Drill by the Pupils of the Public Schools, in the Old Lacrosse Grounds, Toronto, June 25th, 1885, from special photographs and sketches.

No. 15, published on July 11th, contained the following illustrations:

Gallant Attack on Big Bear's Band by a handful of Mounted Police under Inspector Steele and Squadron Sergt.-Major Fry; The Steamer Marquis Poling off a Shallow in the Saskatchewan, from a sketch by Mr. F. W. Curzon, our Special Artist with Gen. Middleton's Command; Portraits of Interest; The 91st (Col. Scott's) Batt. of Infantry on service; Military Views at Battleford, from sketches by Lieutenant R. Lyndhurst Wardmore, "C" Company Infantry School Corps.

No. 16, published on July 18th, contained the following illustrations:

Arrival of the presents from the ladies of Toronto in the camp of the Royal Grenadiers, from sketches by Mr. F. W. Curzon, the Special Artist of THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL, with Gen. Middleton's Command. Col. Otter's Brigade camp at Birch Lake, N.W.T., June 14th, 1885, from sketches by Lieut. Chas. Norris, Q.O.R. Annual Inspection of the 13th Batt. in the Drill Shed, Hamilton, from sketches by Mr. E. W. Morrison. The Alligators, from a sketch showing how the 65th (Mount Royal Rifles) earned that sobriquet.

Copies of any of the above numbers can be obtained from local booksellers, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers.

The publishers have an artist accompanying the expedition, and many of the above illustrations are from his sketches.

Back numbers of the CANADIAN PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS can be obtained by early application to the Publishers, but as the supply of Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, is nearly exhausted, those who desire to procure a complete volume must not procrastinate. The price for Nos. 1 to 14 inclusive will be, as heretofore, 15 cents per copy. They all contain a supplement.

Nos. 15 and following Issues will be supplied at the price of 10 cents.

Grip Printing and Publishing Co., Toronto.

heroes of Batoche that no one thought of departing, and thousands of men and women cheerfully made up their minds to stay out the two hours and a half additional, and endeavored to make themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Hundreds of men and boys found resting places on the tops of the freight and passenger cars which had been left on the Esplanade, while a large number of ladies found seats on the passenger platforms of the station. At four o'clock the bands of the Queen's Own and Royal Grenadiers and the 45th (Bowmanville) band made their appearance and took up positions on the platform on the south side of the station. Here they in turn played various selections of music, each band receiving alternately warm expressions of approval in the shape of applause from the audience. A squad of police under command of Major Draper next arrived on the scene, and was posted where it was expected the train would stop, between York and Simcoe Streets. At five o'clock a deputation from the Citizens' Reception Committee, consisting of Mayor Manning and the chairmen and members of the various sub-committees, drove up in cabs. Their appearance was taken as an indication that the troops were not far off, and every body was in a moment on the alert to catch the sound of the approaching train. It was a quarter to six o'clock, however, before the welcome sound of the engine whistle was heard in the distance, and a minute later the train steamed into the station, the engine pulling up nearly opposite York Street. The bands struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and a scene ensued which almost defies description. As the scores of bronzed faces appeared at the windows of the cars, the crowd gave a series of deafening cheers, and then made a simultaneous rush for the train. Despite the efforts of the police to keep them back, they succeeded in reaching the cars. They jumped up at the windows to shake hands with the boys, some of whom they nearly pulled out of the cars in their wild excitement, waved pocket handkerchiefs, and cheered and yelled till they were hoarse. The appearance of the Midlanders spoke eloquently to the spectators of the arduous service they had undergone at the front. Their uniform, originally a bright scarlet, had been faded by the weather and rough usage to a dull, neutral tinted kind of brown, their complexion was tanned to a hue closely approaching that of the copper-colored Indian. On their heads they wore a species of skull cap improvised out of old out-bags, while their nether garments showed huge patches sewn on at all sorts of odd angles, and of material often of an incongruous kind. All these details the quick and observant eyes of the crowd seized at a glance, which had the effect of heightening the general enthusiasm. When the excitement had somewhat abated, the Mayor and the deputation from the Citizens' Committee came forward and were introduced to Lieut.-Colonel Van Straubenzee, D.A.G., and Major Smith. His Worship, on behalf of the city, then bade the regiment welcome to Toronto, and invited them to partake of refreshment at the Albion Hotel. The offer was cordially accepted, and Lieut.-Col. Van Straubenzee formally handed over the command of the troops to Major Smith, the commanding officer of the battalion. It took but a few minutes to disembark the volunteers, the word to start was given, and amid renewed cheering they marched on to York Street in column of fours preceded by the bands of the Queen's Own, Grenadiers, the Bowmanville band, and the Mayor and civic deputation in carriages. A strong squad of police marched by the side of the volunteers to prevent the people from breaking into their ranks. On the men turning into York Street, they were astonished to see before them, as far as the eye could reach, a surging throng of men, women and children extending from sidewalk to sidewalk. Cheer after cheer rent the air as the procession moved forward, and it is no exaggeration to say that from the Walker House to the Market Place there was one continuous roll of cheering. At Wellington Street the mounted band of the Governor-General's Body Guard, which had been awaiting the procession, took its place at the head. When King Street was reached it was found that the crowd of spectators was as great as ever, the only difference being that the fairer sex were represented in a much larger proportion than before. The windows of every store, office, and hotel on King Street were frames, from which smiled forth the faces of fair women. On the street itself, numbers of ladies pushed forward to the ranks and pressed into the willing hands of the boys bouquets of sweet-perfumed or brightly-colored flowers, gifts which seemed to be much appreciated, judging from the manner in which they were received. When the men had discussed and thoroughly enjoyed their luncheon they were supplied with cigars, and they spent a pleasant hour in and around the hotel, smoking, and fighting their battles over again, everywhere finding willing listeners. The bands of the Grenadiers, Queen's Own Rifles, Governor-General's Body Guards, and the 45th Regiment played in front of the hotel, while the men were having dinner. At eight o'clock the regiment was re-formed, and, headed by their band, marched to the foot of East Market Street, where their train was in waiting. Again they were received with the same wild enthusiasm, and the crowds on the Esplanade around the train seemed greater than ever. Men and boys clambered on to the roof of every available shed and freight car in the neighborhood, and with their cheers almost drowned the music of the bands who played until the train left. At half-past eight the Midland Battalion left Toronto, the bands playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "Auld Lang Syne" as the train moved away.

The boys expressed themselves as more than satisfied with the hearty reception given them by the Toronto people, and several of them were heard to say that this made them forget all the hardships they had undergone during the campaign. The battalion proceeded to Port Hope, where they went into camp pending the holding of the public funeral of Col. Williams, their late commanding officer.

THE 9TH BATT. (QUEBEC VOLTI-GEURS)

arrived at Owen Sound by the same steamship (the Alberta) as the Midland arrived, by special train, in Toronto at 9:30 p.m. They marched through the city from the Union Station to the C.P.R. depot at North Toronto, headed by the bands of the Queen's Own and Royal Grenadiers, and amid the utmost enthusiasm, even rockets being thrown up, though it was Sunday evening. On reaching Ottawa the following day, they not only enjoyed a brief opportunity of visiting the capital, but furnished the guard of honor to the Governor-General at the prorogation of Parliament. On their arrival at the "Ancient Capital" their greeting was hearty in the extreme, though the weather was anything but favorable for the large turn-out that took place.

The voltigeurs performed an important duty while in the North-West in overawing the powerful Blackfeet and kindred tribes. Headquarters was established at Calgary, with detachments at McLeod and Gleichen. Escorts for convoys of provisions for Edmonton were also furnished.

THE YORK AND SIMCOE BATTALION

arrived at Port Arthur at 8 o'clock on Saturday evening, after a good run from Winnipeg. The Chief of Police had made adequate arrangements to supply the men with a good supper, after which the battalion embarked on the C. P. R. steamer Algoma, which left for Collingwood at 10 o'clock. The officers and men were victualled by the ship's company in splendid style. The run down was a very good one, the weather being all that could be desired. On Monday night, it being the last night that the officers and men of the two regiments would spend together, the evening was pleasantly spent, a concert having been carried out very efficiently. The boat reached Collingwood at midnight. At the debarkation the following morning the Battalion was met by the band of the 35th, and headed by them was marched to the skating rink; here refreshments were served, and the ladies pinned bouquets on the breasts of the officers and men. The Mayor, in an appropriate speech, welcomed the soldiers home again. The regiment left by the Northern and North-Western R. R. at 11:30 p.m., and were escorted to the station by crowds of people, who continually cheered the men. The town was most beautifully decorated, and the Collingwood Garrison Battery attended as a guard of honor on the arrival and departure of the battalion. The next stage was Barrie, which was reached about noon. Here the regiment received a perfect ovation. All the societies turned out, and preceded them in their march to the drill shed, where a good dinner was prepared. The streets were literally packed with enthusiastic people. An address was read by the Mayor, and Col. O'Brien, in a neat speech, wished the members of the 12th good-bye. Before leaving, the officers and men of the 12th presented Col. Tyrwhitt with a sword and belt, which he received through Col. Wyndham, on condition that he obtain permission to retain it from the Minister of Militia. The Sutton Company got off at Lefroy, the Sharon and Newmarket Companies at Newmarket, the Aurora Company at that place, and the remainder went on to Parkdale, where large crowds had been patiently waiting all afternoon, and the sidewalks and terraces of the subway were crowded by thousands of the expectant villagers, anxious once more to get a glimpse of the stalwart soldier-citizens of the Flowery Suburb who were returning to their homes and friends. The line of march was crowded all the way by admiring villagers, and ever and anon a ringing cheer went up that raised such echoes as probably never before floated over the placid surface of Lake Ontario. The Rangers, like all the returning troops, were done brown, and their uniforms bore ample testimony to the roughness of their campaigning. All, however, were apparently in the most robust health, and not a man of those who went away four months ago was missing. At the conclusion of their repast the men re-formed and marched back to the station, where, with the exception of the Parkdale Company, they again boarded the train. A few minutes sufficed to bring them

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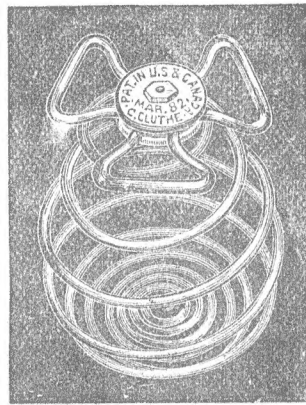
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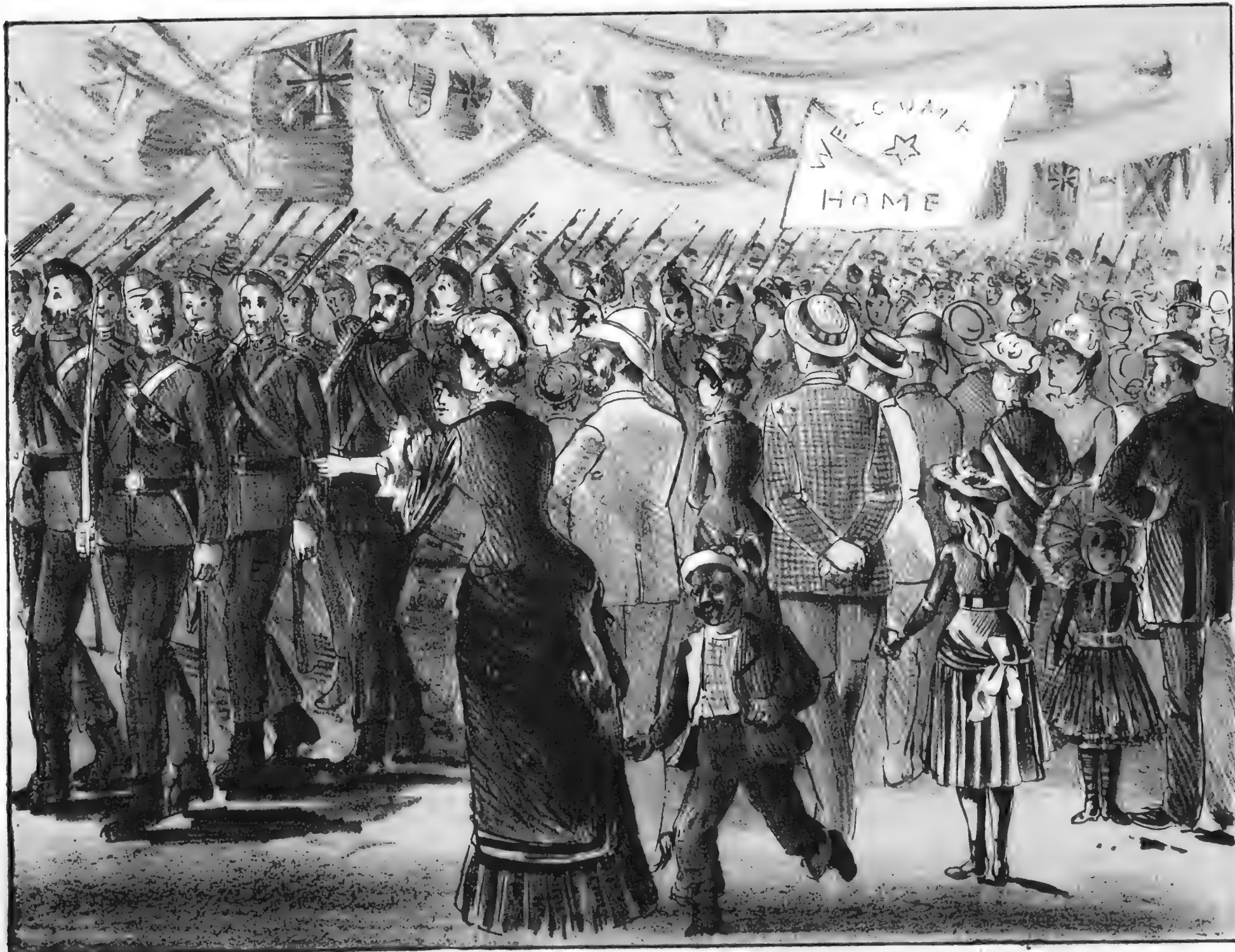
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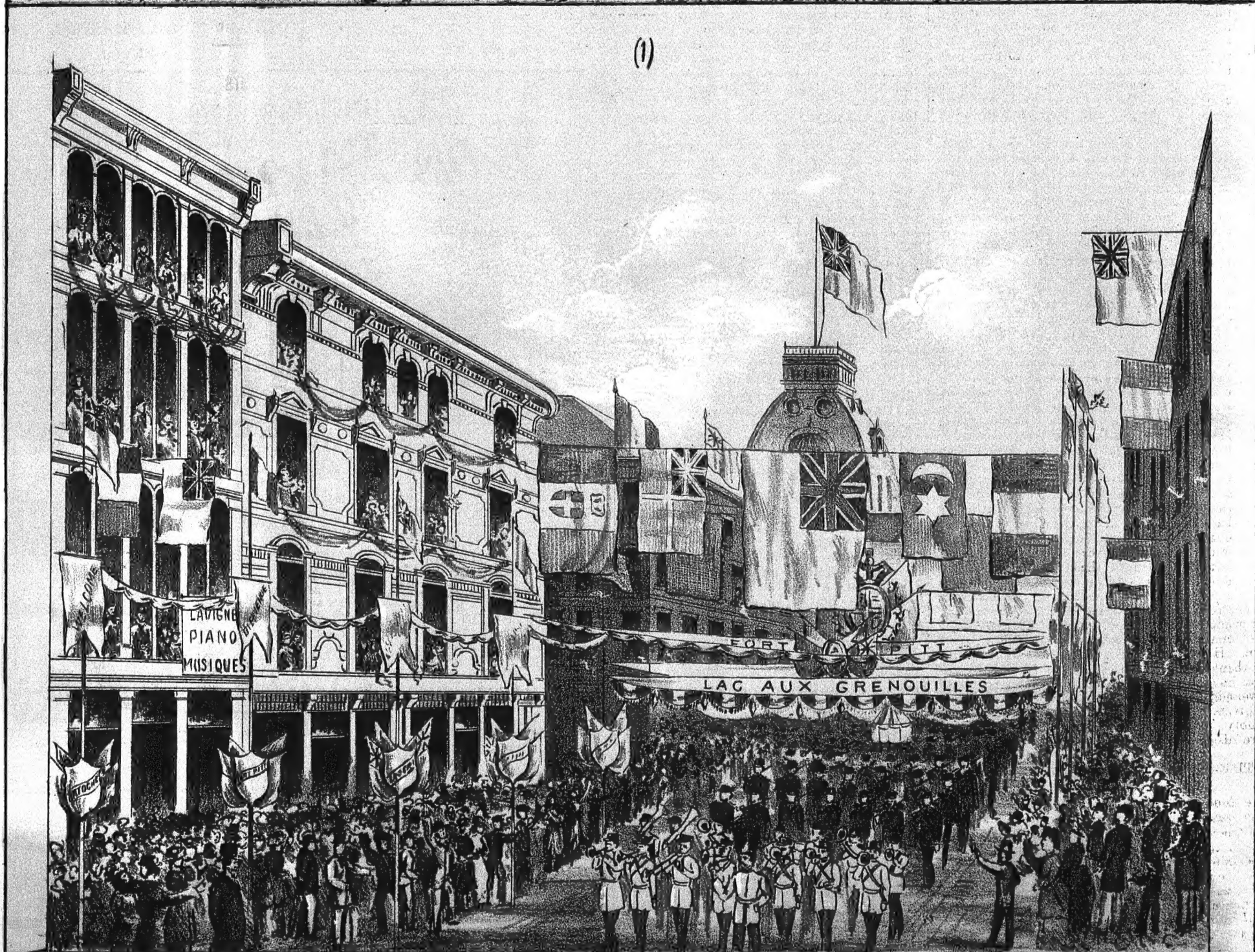
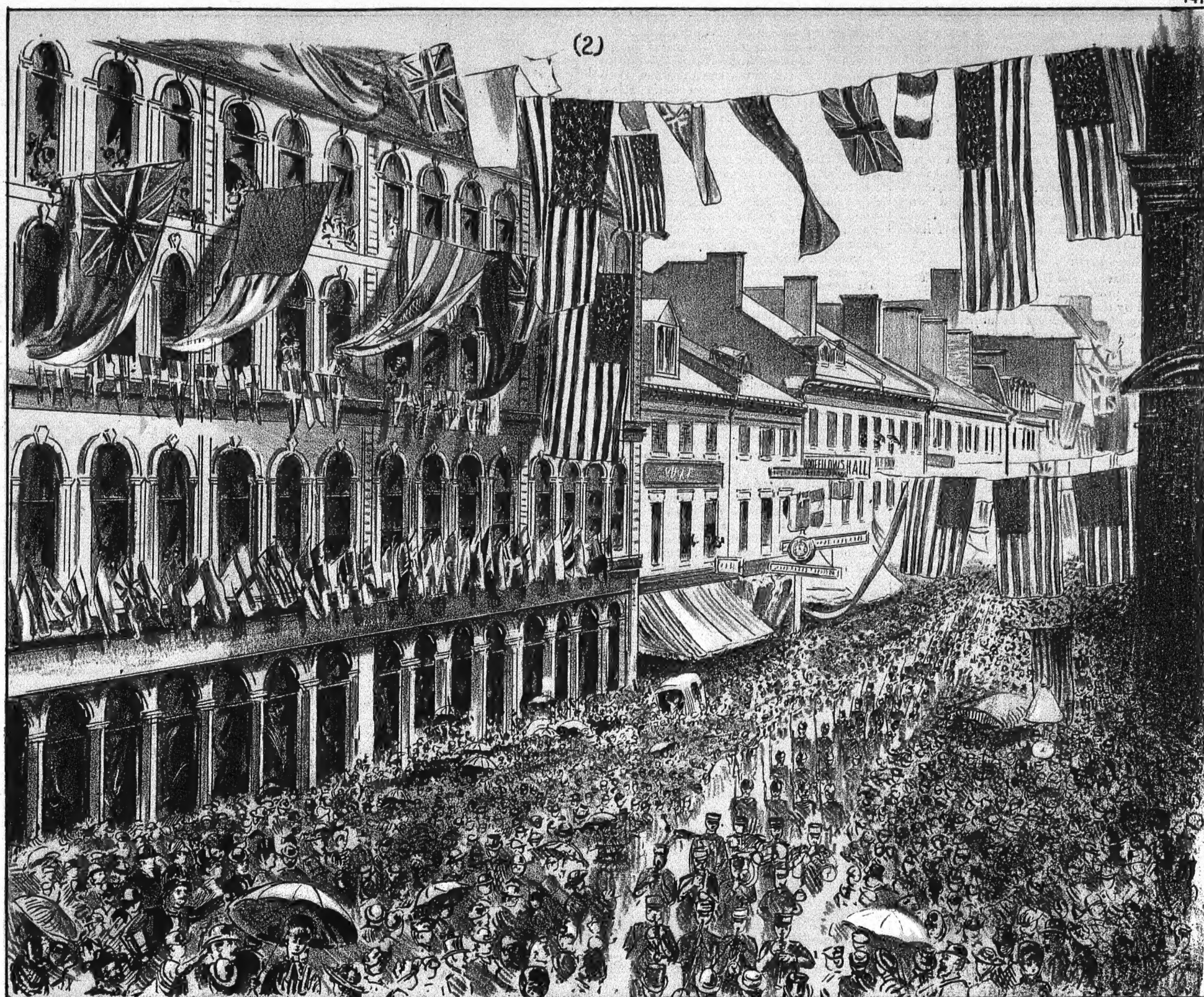
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THE CITIZENS' ARCH, MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.

THE GALLANT NINETIETH MARCHING ALONG MAIN STREET.
THE RECEPTION AT WINNIPEG.



RECEPTION OF THE 65TH BATT., MOUNT ROYAL RIFLES, AT MONTREAL.

From Photographs and Sketches furnished by Mr. P. Roy.

(1) The march through Notre Dame Street.

(2) The scene in St. James Street, looking East.

to the Union Station, and here again they were awaited by a dense crowd of citizens anxious to do honor to our suburban soldiers. Headed by the band they marched off by way of Front Street, and were halted at the Queen's Hotel, where Mayor Manning and a deputation of Councillors were awaiting their approach. The Mayor addressed the men briefly. The detachment then marched on; the Yorkville and Seaton village men turned up to Yonge Street and marched to their company headquarters, while the Riverside men went along Front Street, and after taking refreshments at the Albion Hotel, made their way home to their anxious friends across the Don.

The Mail says:

"On leaving the Union Station, the York Rangers proceeded along to Front Street, headed by the Riverside band. The band of the Royal Grenadiers had been instructed by the Reception Committee to meet them at the station and form an escort. By some mistake the Riverside band was placed at the head of the procession and the Grenadier band was left to take the rear. As this would not be in accordance with military precedence, Prof. Toulmin disbanded his men after playing a short time at the station. The uncertainty of the route to be taken by the returning volunteers created great confusion. King Street was jammed with people. At the corner of Yonge and King Streets a vast concourse of human beings was gathered awaiting the volunteers. Crowds followed the Rangers along Front Street to Bay, giving expression to their goodwill by constant cheering. When King Street was reached enthusiasm was at its highest point. Passing along King to Yonge Street was like walking through a crowd of mad people. It was almost impossible to push a way through. When this feat had been accomplished, and the crowd had given vent to their pent up enthusiasm, the volunteers marched northward along Yonge Street. They were followed by thousands, who filled the street from side to side and completely impeded traffic. On reaching Queen Street, the Riverside company and the band proceeded eastward, whilst the Seaton Village and North Toronto companies continued on their journey.

"The residents of North Toronto turned out in full force to welcome home their returning volunteers. The stores had been lavishly decorated and a triumphal arch erected in front of the Town Hall. The residents thronged Yonge Street, and a large crowd had assembled at the Town Hall. The first indication of the approaching volunteers was the arrival of express wagons bearing their baggage. When the first glimpse was caught of the men, the residents stood on an elevation of the road and waved handkerchiefs and hats. This was followed by cheering later on when the Town Hall was reached. After giving a rousing cheer in response to the reception rendered, the men were filed into the Town hall, where they were met by a number of friends, and a hearty handshaking took place. They were subsequently dismissed, with orders to assemble again this morning to proceed to Parkdale to take part in the demonstration in honor of the regiment. In dismissing them, Capt. Brooks complimented them on their devotion to duty while on service, and their uniform good behavior.

"No. 1 Company marched along Queen Street headed by the Riverside band, and moved south to King Street by way of Jarvis Street. At close intervals the cheering broke out as they passed, given so lustily as to call from the men the acknowledgment that they had not expected such a reception. Large numbers of the Riverside people came up the street to meet their friends, and the warmest greetings were given all along the way. It was, in fact, almost impossible to keep back the large crowd from pressing too closely upon the company. Ald. Jones, Ald. Elliott, Ald. Smith, and others of the local committee, having met the men at Parkdale, accompanied them along the line of march. A halt was made at Ald. Smith's residence, and the members of the company were served with refreshments on the spacious lawn. Some little time was spent here, in order to give the soldiers a rest after the marching which they had done during the day in three towns. "Attention!" then rang out, and Lieut. Vennell, in command, addressed a few words to his company. He thanked the men for the proud position they had placed him in by their good behavior, obedience to orders, and soldierly bearing, under all circumstances, from the day they left Toronto until their return. They had done nothing to bring discredit upon themselves or upon Riverside. If circumstances should again arise necessitating the calling out of the company, he hoped he would have the fortune to command as good a lot of men. He was proud of them. After returning thanks to the committee for their kindness, he called for cheers for the people of Riverside and for Canada, which were heartily given. The company then marched to the armory, and, after leaving their arms, were dismissed."

THE 65TH BATT. (MOUNT ROYAL RIFLES)

have done more marching during the campaign than any other infantry corps, so it is not to be wondered at that their re-appearance in the midst of civilization was not altogether *comme il faut*. They proceeded from Selkirk direct by rail to Montreal, where they arrived on the 20th inst. The account of the reception, furnished by the Mail's correspondent, is as follows:—

"This was, indeed, a gala day in this great city, where everything was made sub-

ordinate to extending an enthusiastic welcome to the gallant 65th Regiment on its return from the North-West. The main avenues of the city from the Canadian Pacific depot to the drill shed on Craig Street were decorated with flags, banners, and streamers, in a most profuse style, and with greater artistic taste than on any previous occasion here. The time of arrival was set for 9.30 a.m., but long before that hour the central streets were alive with thousands of citizens of both sexes, proceeding to the depot and all points of vantage where they could see the regiment as it passed along. The railway depot was crowded, the civic and military deputations, who had addresses of welcome to present, being conspicuous in the throng. When the train bearing the war-worn heroes entered the station, punctually on time, cheer after cheer went up that could be heard far away. It was a demonstration such as your correspondent has never seen equalled, unless at the time when the Crimean heroes returned home to the United Kingdom with the honors thick upon them of that memorable campaign. All nationalities here were present in thousands, and the warmth of their reception evidently sprung from their hearts. The battery of artillery under Col. Stevenson fired a salute on the train entering the depot, the multitude surrounding the depot cheering vigorously. The veteran officers of the regiment presented an address of welcome, to which Col. Ouimet replied. After their friends had saluted the men affectionately on the platform, the latter fell in and set out on the march to the City hall, where a halt took place. Cols. Ouimet and Hughes coming to the front, the Mayor, who, with many others present, was laboring under deep emotion, read a patriotic welcome to the officers and men on their return as the representatives of the citizens. Stentorian cheers followed the reading of the addresses. The mayoress, overcome by her delighted feelings, presented Cols. Ouimet and Hughes with charming bouquets. The regiment then proceeded to Notre Dame great church, where the 'Te Deum' was chanted. This only occupied a short time, and the troops were then entertained by the corporation."

RECEPTION OF TORONTO'S OWN CORPS.

(Condensed from the Globe.)

On Thursday the reception of Toronto's volunteers began with the arrival of the steamer at Owen Sound, and culminated in the triumphal march through the streets of the city.

The scene at the North Toronto (C.P.R.) Station on the arrival of the troops is one never to be effaced from the memory of those who witnessed it. The first train was not expected before half-past five. Every one was talking leisurely to some one else, rolling about the platform or uneasily trying to make the time pass as quickly as possible when, at five minutes to five, a shrill whistle was heard. The dark head-piece of locomotive No. 141 appeared round the curve, and the first train with the Queen's Own on board pulled into the station yard and stopped at the platform. In a moment all was confusion. Men, women, and children, rushed hither and thither, cheering instinctively as they went, and peering into each dark face at the car windows, looking for friends. The men, of course, were not allowed to leave the cars until they received orders, but mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, pushed their way through the crowd to the cars, and picking out their respective loved ones, rejoiced over them in the good old-fashioned manner.

The Queen's Own were then detrained and marched to the space south of the station. Here the men of Cut Knife Creek were formed in companies to wait for the arrival of the Royal Grenadiers. The first words heard from the train on its rival were from one of the Q.O.R., a fine, highly-colored boy, who said,

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN."

While they were waiting for the next train the ladies of the Volunteers' Supply Committee went among the men with baskets of pretty flowers and distributed a nosegay to each one. Capt. McMaster presented Lieut.-Col. Miller with a beautiful floral tribute. The design of this offering of the ladies consisted of a shield covered with white flowers with the initials of the regiment in the centre and the words "Cut Knife Creek" above and below.

Twenty minutes after the arrival of the Queen's Own, the train with the Royal Grenadiers was pulled up to the platform by locomotive 142. The Queen's Own were forgotten for a time. Almost the entire crowd rushed forward to meet the noble Tenth. The men who had distinguished themselves at Batoche left the train amid cheers showered on them by the admiring assembly. Some of them were noticed carrying a bundle of sticks, a large box of trophies, and a number of miserable-looking Indian curs from Batoche. The Tenth were detrained and marched alongside the Queen's Own, south of the depot, where they were also presented with bouquets by the ladies of the Volunteers' Supply Committee. The Governor-General's Body Guard was also among the troops returned from the North-West.

The Mayor presented an address to each of the three corps.

When the "veterans" left the station yard the Queen's Own band was playing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and as the procession moved between the open ranks of the Queen's Own and Royal Grenadiers, Home Guards, Q.O.R. ex-members, and companies of drilled schoolboys, a

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great and hearty cheer arose as from one man to greet them, and being taken up along the line was resounded down Yonge Street by the immense throng, letting those in the very centre of the city who then knew, independent of the fire alarm bells, of the arrival of the brave boys. All the way down Yonge Street the cheering was incessant. Old men shouted themselves out of breath; young ladies cheering as they pelted bouquets of flowers at the "veterans" set a good example to the men with the strongest lungs in the assembled crowd, mothers wept with joy, and the babes in their arms cooed and waved their chubby little hands as if by instinct, till an observer might feel quite satisfied that every man, woman, and child in the crowd had a relation among the gallant boys from the front. Ladies broke through the line regardless of military discipline to welcome some loved one of whom they had just caught sight. It was as much as these admirers of all admirers could do to force themselves through the crowd of citizens, who seemed in some cases almost beside themselves in their anxiety to do the troops honor for their brave deeds. The cheering was kept up with unceasing vigor from Bloor to Queen Street by the thousands who had been standing in the street façade for hours waiting for the boys.

"Here they come," shouted five thousand voices simultaneously at the corner of Queen and Yonge Streets as the white helmets of the mounted squad of police came in sight, and the music of the Body Guard Band could be faintly heard in the distance. Nearer and nearer they came, and the cheering grew louder until the Body Guards wheeled into Queen Street, when it was simply deafening. A dozen handkerchiefs fluttered from every window, and bouquets were showered upon the heads of the "brave volunteers" with lavish profusion, while the owner of each cambric handkerchief with a lace border smiled and hurrahed with such vigor that the sonorous cheers of the men were almost inaudible. Lieut. Howard sat erect on his horse, and gallantly waved his pretty bouquet aloft, to assure the ladies at the windows that he heartily appreciated their cheers on his behalf.

Having arrived at Spadina Avenue, the police with difficulty made an opening sufficient to allow the procession to pass, and in a short time it had again turned east into King Street, where the crowd which had patiently waited was considerably augmented in numbers by people from Queen Street who had come down to have another glimpse of the "brave boys."

King Street, with its flags and banners and pretty faces at every window, presented a picture that will be stamped upon the memory of all who saw it. It was a pleasant change of scene for the sunburnt volunteers who have for so long a time been suffering privations in the bleak North-West. Every available point of vantage was occupied. Boys were perched on the top of lamp-posts, while high up people sat on chimney tops, and looked down upon the moving masses. Guns were fired from the tops of buildings as the troops passed Yonge Street, where the people were literally packed together, while hand bells, gongs, and discordant horns were brought into operation. The chimes of St. James' Cathedral floated over the city as the procession moved forward to Jarvis Street, down which it passed, and entered St. Lawrence Market Square.

In front of the gaily decorated City Hall building were three balconies for the use of prominent citizens, and two platforms, one for spectators and the other for the school children, who were to sing a welcome to the returning volunteers. At about five o'clock the police, assisted by a body of mounted artillerymen, cleared the market square of all except those who were to take a special part in the reception, and drew a cordon about the square by stretching ropes across the streets leading up to it. Carriages containing aldermen and other leading citizens began to arrive and the occupants were cheered by the youngsters with the utmost impartiality. His Honor the Lieut.-Governor was one of the visitors. The first opportunity for letting off the pent-up enthusiasm of the assembled multitude was afforded by the arrival of the Queen's Own reserve. They were loudly cheered by the crowd, many of whom managed to elude the vigilance of the police and make their way into the square. In rapid succession the other corps taking part in the reception arrived, modestly accepted the plaudits of the people, and took up their positions in the following order: The Q. O. R. reserve were drawn up along the western and northern sides of the square facing the City Hall; the boys of the public schools were placed in front of the last-named corps, covering a portion of the right wing on the northern side of the square; on the south side, facing the market, were the 10th Grenadiers' reserve, the ex-members of the Queen's Own, and the band of the 13th Battalion, of Hamilton. The eastern side of the square was left open for the entrance of the returning troops, the way being kept clear by the Toronto Field Battery. There was thus ranged about the square a reserve force well calculated to create a feeling of confidence in the ability of Canada to defend herself.

While these arrangements were made the square was gradually filling with spectators. Eager onlookers were perched on every available corner of the roof of the market building and even on the arms of a telegraph pole. The band of the 13th Battalion beguiled the waiting moments with lively airs, and occasionally there would be a peal from the bells of the steeple of St. James'.

A little before eight o'clock a general turning north of faces peering out of windows told the crowd that the heroes were arriving.

When the troops had got into some order, the children, under Mr. Schuch's direction, sang, "Welcome, Brave Volunteers," "The Maple Leaf Forever," and "God Save the Queen," receiving the well-merited applause of the listeners. Then the troops, with a desperate effort, broke away from their friends and started off for the Drill Shed on the double, the Grenadiers entering the shed from the east end, and the Queen's Own going in from the west. As they moved off, the children sang "Rule Britannia," and to satisfy numerous requests, followed it with a large number of other songs.

For some time before the troops reached the Market Square both entrances to the Drill Shed were besieged by an ever-increasing crowd clamouring for admission. Boys and girls, young men and maidens, fathers and mothers of families were all anxiously awaiting the opening of the doors that they might crowd their way in. The sole occupants of the shed were Lieut.-Col. R. B. Denison, Deputy Adjutant General, Lieut.-Col. Milson, Brigade Major, and the caretaker who, however, did not count on that occasion. There were no police or guards at the doors, which, however, were securely bolted, and remained so, despite the loud and frequent hammerings on the doors, until the Body Guards had marched off, when the big door was thrown half open, and about five or six civilians and uniformed officers were admitted. The last to get inside was Major Shaw, dressed in the uniform of the Tenth Royals, but he had no sooner got in than he was met by the Deputy Adjutant-General, who ordered him out, and on his refusal to go fairly threw him outside, and closed the door. A few minutes later the troops arrived at the doors, which were thrown open, and amid the wildest confusion the crowd forced their way in with the volunteers, and occupied most of the building. Remonstrance was useless, and force there was none for a few minutes, when a picket and a force of police were placed at each entrance, who endeavored to keep the multitude from gaining any further foothold. For a time their efforts were successful, but a grand rush was made and another body crushed their way in, adding to the confusion and disorder which prevailed inside. This was repeated at intervals every few minutes, especially at the West Market Street entrance, the Jarvis Street being somewhat better guarded. The men were drawn up in companies, and an effort made to reduce the shed to something like order, but without avail. Noisy shouting and yelling entirely drowned the voices of the officers except at rare intervals. In despair of being able to do anything with his men last night, Col. Miller finally mounted the stairs, and during a lull in the confusion announced that the men would be at once dismissed for the night, but were required to appear on parade at 10 o'clock next day, when they would receive their instructions. The same action was taken by Lieut.-Col. Grassett, and both battalions were dismissed for the night shortly after.

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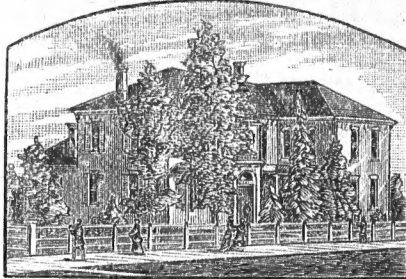
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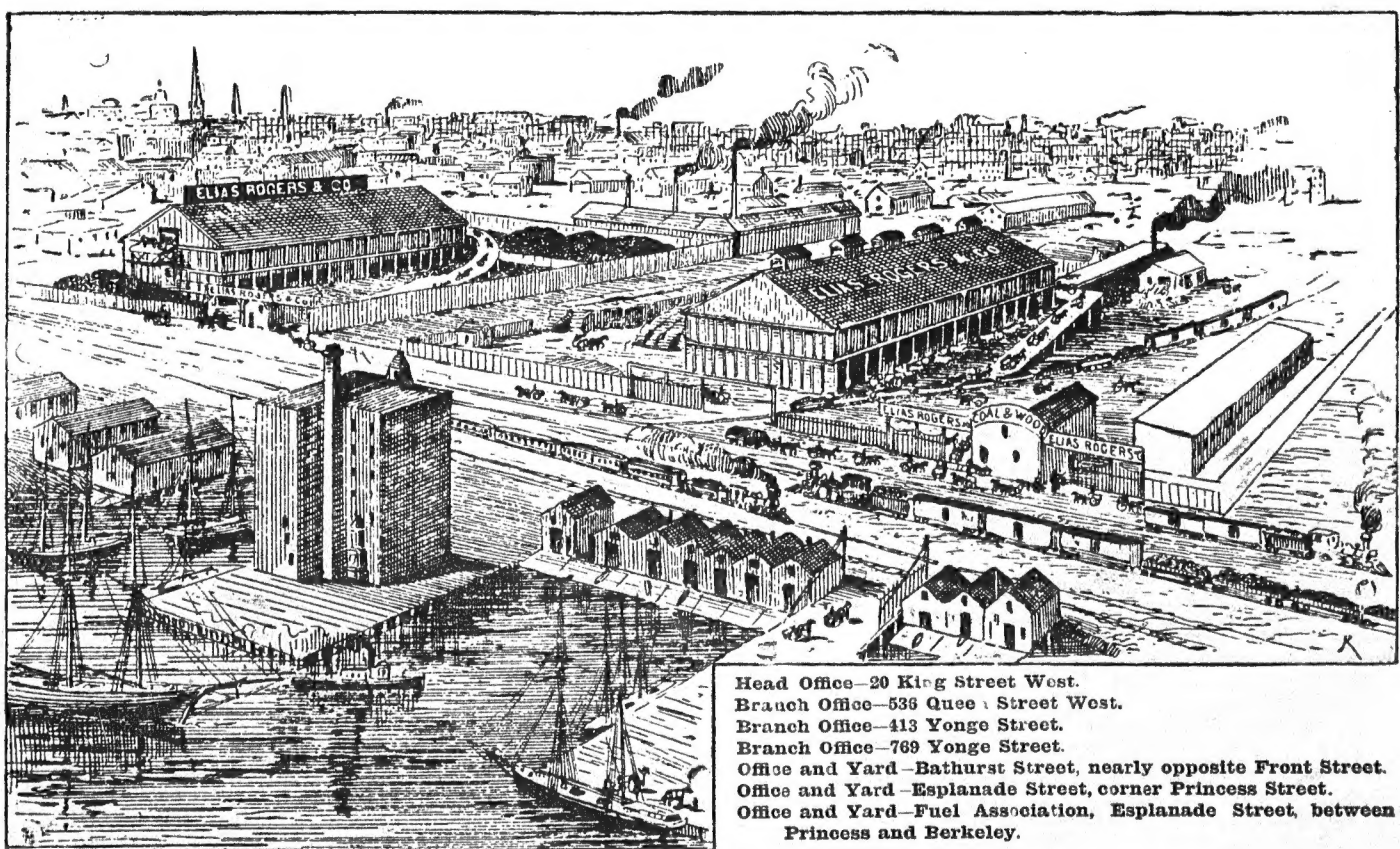
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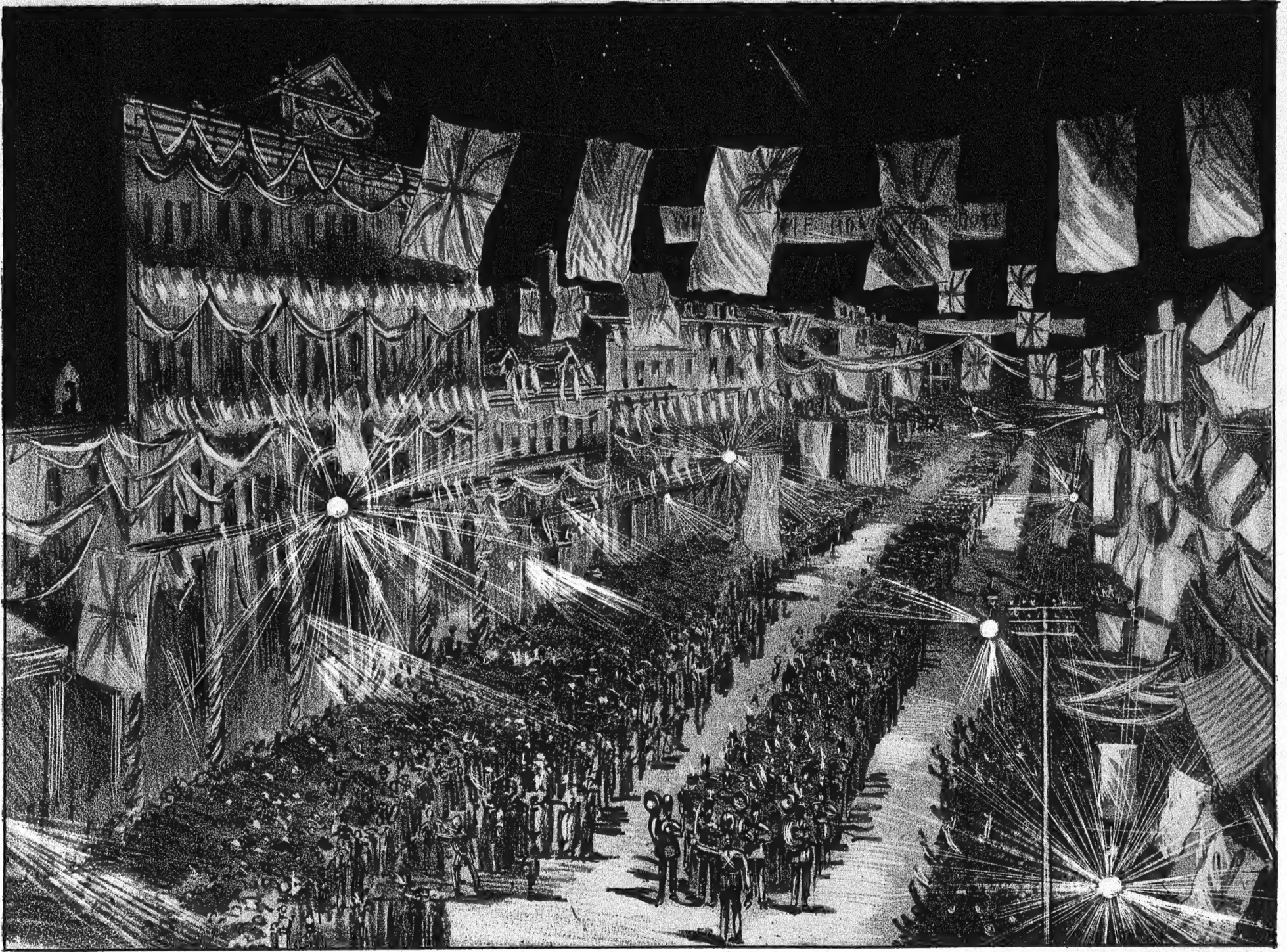
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MARCH OF THE 9TH BATT. RIFLES, "VOLTIGEURS DE QUEBEC," UP YONGE STREET, ON SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 19.

From a Sketch by one of our own Artists.



THE MIDLAND BATTALION LEAVING THE UNION STATION, TORONTO, TO ACCEPT THE HOSPITALITY OF THE CITY.

From a sketch by one of our own Artists.